

Prompt box by Thebestbirlb

Category: Adventure Time, Death Note & Related Fandoms, Gravity Falls, Heart no Kuni no Alice | Alice in the Country of Hearts, How to Train Your Dragon (Movies), IT - Stephen King, Marvel, Ouran High School Host Club - All Media Types, Percy Jackson and the Olympians - Rick Riordan, Raven Cycle - Maggie Stiefvater, Rise of the Guardians (2012), Shameless (US), Star vs. The Forces Of Evil, Stranger Things (TV 2016), Supernatural, Teen Wolf (TV), The Dark Artifices Series - Cassandra Clare, The Infernal Devices Series - Cassandra Clare, The Mortal Instruments Series - Cassandra Clare, Thor (Comics), Thor (Movies), Venom (Comics), Venom (Movie 2018), Voltron: Legendary Defender, Welcome to Night Vale

Genre: M/M

Language: English

Characters: Ash Morgenstern

Relationships: Ash/Drusilla Blackthorn, Bill Cipher/Dipper Pines, Bill Denbrough/Pennywise (IT), Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington, Carlos/Cecil Palmer, Castiel/Dean Winchester, Derek Hale/Stiles Stilinski, E. Aster Bunnymund/Jack Frost, Eddie Brock/Venom Symbiote, Helen Blackthorn/Aline Penhallow, Hiccup Horrendous Haddock III/Toothless, Ian Gallagher/Mickey Milkovich, Jason Grace/Percy Jackson, Jem Carstairs/Will Herondale, Keith/Lance (Voltron), L/Yagami Light, Leo Valdez/Frank Zhang, Loki/Thor, Magnus Bane/Alec Lightwood, Marco Diaz/Tom Lucitor, Mark Blackthorn/Kieran, Mark Fischbach/Sean McLoughlin, Nico di Angelo/Will Solace, Peter Parker/Wade Wilson, Prince Gumball/Marshall Lee, Ronan Lynch/Adam Parrish, Simon Lewis/Raphael Santiago, Tiberius Blackthorn/Kit Rook

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Summary:

Have you ever wanted to see your ideas come to life but never gotten around to making them well i enjoy writing so feel free to come set your stories alive and spread there wings in my prompt book!

Now Also Forms are up on tumblr! if you want to see when your story will be written go head on over to 0--shadow--0 and give me a follow

Also I'm on Wattpad o0Shadow0o so go give me a follow there as well!

- times are subject to change if i feel they are not yet done thank you for understanding -

1. Chapter 1

Okay guys heres the layout I'll need when you request !

I also ship max L.B x Octavian Blackthorn and Drusilla blackthorn x ash just so you know!

Rules

1)I rarely do straight !

2)please don't get rude if it takes a bit if you do I won't do it please remember I have other books I write this is to help me with writers block!

3)a writing schedule will be put up on my Tumblr ! I'll post the name!

4)ask if I ship something before you leave a prompt

5)I do g teen m and explicit

Ask about a ship before leaving prompt!!!

Layout

Name for otp A & B:

Ship name:

Fandom:

Tags:

Rating

Smut?:

Things you don't want in it:

Other characters you'd like to see:

Other characters you don't want to see:

Au? Or original fandom

If I choose you I'll put it up in the upcoming page and a round about date

Summary about story

Plot

I'll be uploading them to Wattpad! So go give me a look on there username is o0Shadow0o !

2. Pynchon : I Love Everything About You

Hey guys! So my first prompt that I'm doing is pynch it'll be up I'm hoping either later today or tomorrow so be on the lookout when it's up and posted I'll let y'all know

Rating: M

Fandom: Raven Cycle

Ship: Ronan Lynch / Adan Parrish

Tags: morning sex and trans adam

Edit

It is up please go check out my wattpad o0Shadow0o thank you!



Adam had fought for where he was right now, he fought to live how he wanted to live, like he should have. Yet, no matter what he did no one would care. He worked his butt off day in and day out to earn just a tiny amount of what he needed to get the surgeries he needed.

But that was before he met Ronan. When he first moved to the Raven boy school, he was told to keep a huge distance between himself and the Lynch boy, not that it would be a problem. Adam was scared out of his mind towards him, with his shaved head and tattoos everywhere. Not to mention the mother fucking Raven. Who has Ravens?

Like, what was up with that? But Adam couldn't help his feelings towards him. When he first saved him from the bullies, he stood in front of him and glared. He hit them when they'd tried to get past.

Ronan wasn't like what people thought. Adam was honestly so in love that it scared him. Certainly Ronan wouldn't love him if he knew the truth, right?



Fast forward a few years and Adam and Ronan's relationship grew stronger and Adam only fell more in love than before. He felt like he couldn't breathe when Ronan was near him. He was so deeply in love that it hurt to be without him, then everything went to hell...

After they'd found cabswater it felt like they were going in fast forward. All Adam really remembered was when they'd found the Forest, then gansey was lying on the ground, dead.

Adam did remember one thing and that was when he kissed Ronan for the first time or when they lied on the couch kissing lazily, hands roaming. That's when Ronan found out his biggest secret....



Adam remembered holding his breath until he felt like he would pass out, till he felt his heart stop but still he held it, scared. Ronan would kick him out of the house, tell him he was a freak, but all he did was look at him with so much love that it physically hurt Adam to see it. He'd told him he was beautiful and that he was unique.

And that nothing about him was ugly and he'd already known and that he'd help him if Adam would be his....

And so Adam said yes.



When Adam and Ronan got married it was beautiful. They decided to marry in cabswater where the Forest could bless their Union.

That night Ronan didn't sleep with Adam. He promised to not touch him in a sexual way until he was in the right body, till he was fixed.

Present day

After a few weeks of being married, Adam started his transformation. It was a hard path but finally Adam finished his last surgery and he was recuperating from his chest surgery.

Adam was cuddling into Ronan when he woke up, blinking his eyes into the darkness. He tried going back to sleep but alas, sleep wouldn't come so he got up and went to the kitchen.

Waking up next to Adam was the best thing Ronan ever did. He loved the smell of the younger, smaller boy. Marrying the love of your life was the best thing you could ever do in life.

To live with your best friend was like winning the lottery. You could tell them anything and know that you wouldn't be judged for it. They'd just hold you and tell you how it would be alright.

When Ronan felt over on Adam's side of the bed, he felt the empty space there. That indicated that his husband was no longer sleeping beside him so Ronan got up to search for his soulmate.

He looked in the kitchen to see Adam looking out the window at the yard. It was glowing with lights. He'd dreamed up that it would glow only at night and wouldn't run out. He made them for Adam but he wouldn't ever say as much but he knew how he liked the stars.

Looking at Adam brought a thrill of arousal through him. He was in his clothes and it made him feel like he owned him, that he was his and his alone. All those other boys and girls that wanted his angelus pulcher wouldn't get him because he was all Ronan's.

Every inch, every imperfect part, he still loved him no matter what. Nothing Adam could do would make Ronan love him any less than what he did already.

Adam turned and looked at him, smiling a smile that Ronan would go to war for. He would kill people just to see it for one second. It was worth it all to see that beautiful face splitting into a grin or a full-on smile, like everything was fine. He'd have to be crazy not to love everything about his perfect boy.

Ronan went up to Adam and held him carefully from behind, careful of his still-sore chest, kissing his bare shoulder. Finally, after everything, they were together and that was all that mattered. He'd won the best prize anyone could ever ask for.

He'd won love...

Kissing up his shoulder, up his neck, kissing behind his ear, nipping on his ear lobe, blowing icy air, making Adam shiver. Turning in his arms, Adam faced him. There was love glowing in his eyes that made Ronan hurt. Who could not love him? He loved him with everything he had and that was truly beautiful.

Ronan kissed him hard, letting his tongue slip into Adam's mouth, running his hands everywhere, searching, treading with the utmost care he could give to his fragile boy. He slipped his hand in the front of his boxers, running his hand up and down the hardening length, making a beautiful gasping moan come from the freckled boy in front of him.

That's what broke him. Not almost being killed, not losing his mom and dad and brother or even gansey. No, what finally did him in was when he looked at him with trust in his eyes like he would willingly lie down in front of a speeding train. It made Ronan want to cry.

Adam was so trusting and for what he's had to go through. It was rare that people keep that ability to openingly trust those he loved. Running his hands up and down Adam's torso, slipping out of his boxers, he carefully took his sweater off. Well, Ronan's.

He slipped Adam's boxers off, standing without clothing on in a cold kitchen wasn't fun but he'd buy Adam the moon if he asked him. He got down on his knees, looking up at Adam and licking his dick, sucking on it and putting his fingers up so Adam could wet them. Oh, he sucked them like he was taking a cock. Feeling like they were wet enough, he took them out of his mouth and started fingering Adam's hole, causing him to make a pretty little gasp. Grinning, Ronan sucked harder. He put a second and finally a third finger, stretching him wide enough to take him.

Standing, Ronan reached around and grabbed lube from the table. Why he didn't see that before was beyond him. Popping the cap, he put some on his dick, grinning at Adam when his husband nodded at him, saying that he was ready. He slipped in, loving the feeling of being inside him.

Moving was a little harder because Adam was facing him so up he went. Ronan pushed him so he was lying on the kitchen counter. Grabbing his hips, he started moving, feeling fireworks shooting across his closed eyelids.

Adam's gasps and barely-there moans weren't helping but he still loved them. No matter how much Adam begged him to go faster, he stayed the same pace, making love to him.

Lying his head on Adam's shoulder, he hit Adam's bundle of nerves, making him see stars and finally finish. Ronan finished shortly after, panting and holding onto him through his aftershock.

~□~□

Months later, Adam went to the doctor because he was feeling sick, only to find out he was pregnant with Ronan's children.

And they lived happily ever after.

~□~□~□~□

Wow thanks guys!! I hope that's what you wanted, this turned out way longer than I wanted and I cried a bit but it's out and I honestly love how I made Ronan act. He's so sweet in this and even when he and Adam weren't together he took care of him. I myself am going through what Adam's going through so it's highly personal and I want to thank the person who prompted me on it. I loved it so much, thank you!

- Shadow

Be sure to follow on Wattpad:3

3. Harringrove: you might think your broken but my love will fix you

Tags: angst, heartbreak, cutting

Fandom: Stranger Things

Ship: Billy/Steve

Theme song is: Nightcore - Battle Scars



"Bullshit."

That word echoed in his mind like a gun shot in an empty school. It rang in his head over and over and over, like a broke record that wouldn't let his mind rest. He was bullshit and nothing about him was real, not even his girlfriend.

After fixing Hawkins and watching Nancy and Johnathan get together, he realized how not okay he was. Billy was still his asshole self in the regards that he called Steve such unholy names, saying if Nancy left then he was looking for a new master to run him like a dog, but that's not what he was...right?

He was his own person, he had his own brain and lived his own life, right?

He wasn't so sure anymore. He...was lonely. I mean, Lucas had Max and now Mike and El got together. Where did that leave him? Yeah, no one, that's who he was. The squad mom. Yeah, he'd heard how the other teens thought he was weird because he hung out with the middle schoolers. All he wanted to do for them was protect them, he wanted to make them safe after everything. They were his to care for.

So what if they call him squad mom? If they were okay then that was enough for him, even if Billy... No, Steve would NOT go down that road. Billy was a crude, selfish, cruel man and Steve wanted nothing to do with him.

After they got back out of the upside down, Billy changed towards the party but not towards Steve. If anything, he got worse. He slammed him up against his locker when no one was in the halls and just stared like...nope, nope, nope!! Steve wasn't going there, no sir, not happening, never in a billion years.

When Billy showed up at school with a shaved head, Steve lost it. Billy was so handsome that Steve melted into a horny puddle on the school floor. Striking blue eyes looked at him and almost...smiled?

He was confused and sad and he wanted this all to stop. He wanted the pain to stop, so he did what he thought would help.

He grabbed his razor and started cutting lines up and down his arm, like a beautiful picture was trying to break away from his skin in the form of red drops dripping slowly down his arm. He felt, for the first time in months, at peace.

When he closed his eyes he could see El looking at him, but she was with Hopper, right? She walked over and cradled his head in her lap and sang him a song

"These battle scars don't look like they're fading, don't look like they'll ever go away. They ain't never gonna change. These battle scars."

Surprisingly to him, he felt soothed by something so dark, letting himself slip into the welcoming darkness that was unconsciousness.



"What are we going to do, Hop? He can't be trusted, not like this! He's hurting himself, and for what? Nancy? So not worth it!"

"Hey!"

"It's true, he's way too good for you. He's sweet and kind and all you did was cheat on him like a fucking whore."

"Language, Mike."

"What is a whore?"

Steve chose that moment to laugh and look up at El.

"Nothing, baby girl. Mike shouldn't teach you those words." He turned to glare at the sheepish fourteen year old.

"Sorry, Steve." Steve shook his head, indicating that all was fine.

When he turned to look around, he saw everyone. Hopper, Mike, El, Luke, Max, Joyce, Nancy, Jonathan and, of course, Dustin.

He sat up, making sure his arms were covered.

"Um, hey guys, what's up?" He looked at them; Hopper sighed.

"El found you on the floor...bleeding to death." Steve looked at the ground, a small "I'm sorry" slipped out.

That's when everything went downhill, from their yelling and fussing and screaming about how did it happen and why was he like this? Why was he like this? Oh look, someone wanted to know how to fix him. He wasn't broken, right? Of course not.

He got up and left, even when they called his name and tried to get him to stay, he couldn't. He had to breathe, had to leave. He couldn't do this. He wasn't broken, dammit!

With tears in his eyes, he walked. He walked through the forest and onto the road, running into the person he never and always wanted to see.

Billy Hargrove.

Steve looked into his eyes and felt pride when he saw the flinch when Billy looked into his cold eyes. It wasn't his fault, he was feeling pretty empty right now but what came next almost brought him to tears.

Billy hugged him.

He felt his arms wrap around him tightly, like a blanket. He felt safe in his bully's arms, his enemy's arms. Steve thought it was funny, the irony made him laugh.

He looked up at him, kissing him deeply and, to his surprise, Billy kissed back, just as deeply, like he was trying to tell him just how much he would be missed if he left and oh yes, he never wanted this to end.

Pushing Steve into his car, he climbed in after him, grinning down at the younger boy.

"So, you ever do this before, princess?" He grinned.

"I- no, never with a..." He trailed off, blushing, "never with a man." He finished, blushing a darker red than blood. Billy only smirked, grinning at the younger boy.

"A virgin, huh? Who would've known? The king Steve, a virgin!" he smirked. Before Steve could tell him to go screw himself, he felt lips on his, kissing him deeply, taking the very breath from him.

Moaning, he was pushed onto his back. He looked up at him through his eyelashes.

"Billy?" he asked softly. Billy hummed in response.

"Screw me hard, please?" Billy looked up at him, slightly wide eyed, then grinned evilly.

"Sure thing, princess."

He growled, lying on top of him, biting along his neck. Grinning, he flipped them over so he was on top of him. Steve grinned at him, leaning down because of the car being so low. He took his shirt off, going for Billy's next. He was stopped when he glared at him. Billy sat up, as much as he could, slipping it over his head.

"Get out of your pants." Billy said, taking off his own. It wasn't easy when you had a person on top of you.

Steve grinned, taking his pants off and boxers.

"Why am I not surprised you don't wear boxers?" He giggled, Billy grinned.

"Why would I?" Steve just shrugged, wanting to get back to having sex with him.

Steve started kissing down his chest and towards his dick. When he got there, he stopped and licked it from the bottom to the top. Moaning, he took the whole thing in his mouth. He sucked hard, bobbing his head.

Steve pulled off with a pop and grinned at him. Billy grabbed lube from under the back carseat, never breaking eye contact, and popped the cap. He covered his fingers in the stuff before moving to stretch Steve. He pushed one finger inside him. Steve rocked back on it, eyes fluttering shut for a moment, but when Billy put two in that's when he lost it. He bucked hard into his hand.

"Billy, more please," he gasped, arching into his fingers.

Rocking on his fingers, Billy tried adding a third one. Steve mewled, panting. Billy removed his fingers from Steve and added lube to his cock.

Steve reached back and pushed his cock inside him. He sunk in slowly, getting used to the length inside him. He moaned when he hit the bottom. Billy stayed deathly still, not wanting to hurt him.

"You can move." He breathed out. Nodding, Billy bonced him up and down, making sure he didn't hit the roof.

Steve arched violently when he hit his bundle of nerves, deep in him, that made him see stars. He gasped out a "harder please." Grinning, borderline evilly, Billy flipped them over so that he was on top and plowed into him. Steve bucked, screaming at each hard thrust into his magic spot. He whimpered, closing his eyes, coming hard.

Billy followed shortly after him, he lied there panting on top of Steve.

"Wow, princess, that was...better than I thought it would be." Steve flipped him off and snuggled into him, going to sleep. For the first time in months, he slept peacefully

When he woke up, Steve realized that he was back home but the only difference was someone was there with him. He looked over to find Billy snoring away on the other side of his bed. He got up and went to the mirror and looked at himself.

"You're disgusting." he told his reflection and truth be told, he really was boney and his cheeks were sunken in. He looked like a zombie.

He looked down at his arms and realized that his arms were bandaged. He looked confused before a throat was cleared behind him. He looked up to find Billy behind him.

"I did that, you really shouldn't be doing that to yourself." he said, looking really sad. His eyes looked both young and older than his years when he looked at the younger, smaller boy in front of him.

"Why do you care?" Steve scoffed. Billy shrugged.

"Cause my mom died over shit like that." Steve looked at him in shock.

"Billy, I didn't know. I-" Billy put a hand up.

"It's okay but when my dad found her, he turned into something evil and dark, borderline demonic, and that's scary for a child, ya know? He blames me, I know that." he sighed, lighting a cigarette, taking a drag, then blowing it out.

"That's hard to take as a kid, that you're the reason your mom isn't there, 'cause she wanted to get away from you, does things to your mind." he said, trying and failing to blink away tears. Steve had enough and held him as he cried.

"It's okay, we'll get through this together," he smiled at him, "I promise." Billy kissed him.

"I promise," he said back.

Hey guy, thanks again. This took me a bit to write, it's a lot longer than the other story and I'm not as familiar with ST as I am with RC,

so I hope this met what you wanted? I didn't know you didn't want the whole party when I was writing the intervention scene, I apologize, but I had already wrote it when I went back and reread the prompt. I hope you still like it? Anyway, don't forget to drop me a prompt, thanks!

Shout out to my awesome beta!

Lucifer_Larry

Thank you!

4. Klance:I didn't mean to look but I did...

Rating: E

Tags:sex toys Ace Keith horny Lance

Fandom: Voltron

Ship: Keith/Lance

It's up on Wattpad ! I hope you all enjoy!

Theme song: NA NA by. Trey Songz

Keith didn't feel like normal people did. He lived his life without the problems that other people had. He lived freely and without sexual desires. Well, that was until the handsome Latino moved in next door. He was loud and loved to cuss or rant in rapid Spanish. It made Keith feel things he'd never felt before, but not enough to want to do anything about it. So, he stayed in his house, minding his own business.

Then he just had to check the mail.

"Damn mail." He growled out, looking at the sex box in front of him. Humans he thought bitterly. It was honestly very funny, seeing as he was one. At times he pretended not to be, for the sake that the human race was failing and he didn't want to go down with that ship.

Yet here he was, marching his skinny ass across his yard with a blanket thrown over the box so people didn't see. He walked towards his handsome neighbour's house but all Keith could think about was how embarrassing this was. It wasn't the fact that his Latino neighbour happened to be addicted to sex. Maybe it was just the toys he didn't know about and sure as hell didn't want to find out about.

Lance needed a change. He loved his big family, he honest to god did, but sometimes he felt suffocated. There was no privacy here but oh well.... Whatever, what the hell, he was quiet and private anyways. Well...up until the damn mailman mixed up his mail with his hot neighbour's. When he opened the door to look at the pale white boy, that had the darkest blush in the history of the world, carrying something suspiciously familiar under a plain black blanket, he threw it at him. He tried to make a fast retreat, if only to stop him from asking the boy to come in. Keith looked back at him.

"You might not want me in there when you find out what's under there," he blushed, playing with his hair.

Lance looked confused, taking a peek and blushing then grinning quite evilly at the poor unsuspecting boy in his door frame.

"Oh no, Hermono. I must insist you stay because now I wanna play," he all but purred at him. Keith gulped nervously, knowing he screwed up. The door shut behind him, trapping him with a sex crazed sociopath.

Lance pushed Keith into a chair, grinning at him.

"Okay uno hermoso, quieres jugar?" he grinned at him. Keith just looked up at him, confused. All Lance did was grin.

"You'll learn, my beautiful one," he said. At that Keith blushed a dark red colour, similar to that of a tomato. Lance leaned down to start taking off his clothes.

Keith looked at him like he was crazy.

"And what do you think you're doing?!" He asked in an exasperated huff. Lance just grinned, going on his way. Keith grew more annoyed by the second.

By the time he had taken off all of Keith's clothes, Lance was more than a little excited. He grinned at Keith, standing up and pulling his shirt off slowly, making it unnecessarily sexual. Keith's face burst into a dark red colour. Smirking, he ran a hand down his tanned chest and

stomach, stopping at his blue skinny jeans and popping the button. He slowly pulled the zipper down, dropping his jeans, only for Keith to realize that he wasn't wearing any underwear. His eyes widened, jumping up to meet amused blue eyes.

"Like what you see, baby?" Keith didn't want to hurt his feelings but he was only blushing from seeing someone's dick, not from arousal.

Keith looked at him, confused.

"I don't know," he said, honestly, making Lance frown, "what do you mean?" Keith glared at him. Was he making fun of him? What an ass.

"I don't know, are you stupid?" He said. He started pouting but if you told Keith that he'd punch you. He. Did. Not. Pout! (yeah, sure Keith) Lance grinned at that.

"Well, depends on who you're asking but no, I'm not." He got on top of him, kissing him deeply.

Lance got off the smaller pale boy. He went to grab the evil box that started all this, pulling out a vibrating dildo and grabbing some lube. He popped the cap and squirted some on his fingers. He pushed one finger in, thrusting in and out. When he thought it was enough, he pushed in two, making a squaring motion. Once he was done, he pushed in the toy, turning it on. At that, Keith arched violently. Lance grinned, mouthing at his chest. He pushed the toy in and out of the younger boy.

Lance continued to push it in and out till Keith was coming hard, with a shout. Keith purred, cuddling into him. Lance looked at a loss on what to do. On one hand, this really cute guy was trying to cuddle him nude. And on the other, he was still painfully hard.

"Um, Keith. Could you, you know, help me out?" He said, looking down at his dick. Keith looked at him, confused, then nodded. He got down on his knees and took the dick into his mouth, sucking on it hard. Lance bucked into the small boy in front of him, huffing out a quiet "wow." Keith grinned, sucking again.

Lance whimpered, not quite knowing what to do, so he just grabbed

the armrests of the chair he was in and tried to last as long as possible. That didn't look like it would be very long. With a cry, Lance came down Keith's throat with no warning. Keith was proud of himself, he'd never given anyone a blowjob before and he thought he did pretty good. Keith got up and sat next to the panting Latino beside him.

"You sure you've never done this before?" He asked, still breathless. Keith grinned at him.

"Nope, never done anything like this ever," he got nervous then, "I've never wanted or needed to before. I've never felt like this, it...confuses me." Keith hugged his legs to his chest, just staring at the wall in front of him. Lance pulled him against his chest.

"Um, this is kind of late and really overdue, but would you go on a date with me?" He asked, grinning.

Oh, thank the angel! I had such writer's block on this story. I guess I'm just bored making smut all the time lol but it's finally finished. This is not as good as my other stuff and I'm disappointed but I hope you still enjoyed!

5. Mafeal: my heart is yours and so is my body

Fandom: The Mortal Instruments

Ship: Maximus Lightwood-Bane/Raphael Lightwood-Bane

Tags: none

Rating: Mature

Theme Song: A Thousand Years

Maximus Micheal Lightwood-Bane was an odd young man at the age of nine and ten. He'd recently turned this age on October 29th but honestly no one knew when his real birthday was since he was left on the steps of the shadowhunter academy steps when he was only eight mouths old. They couldn't quiet pin down when it was that he was born so they decided why not the spookiest time of the year? It was fine in the end as it turned out that hoilday was Max's favourite since he didn't have to play pretend with the mundanes. As his father called it, "making sure you're not burned alive." At that Max would grin and move on. He decided that at the age of ten he knew everything there was to know but oh how wrong he was.

Max was odd indeed. He had ivory horns that curled from the base of his navy blue forehead to just brushing the back of his scalp where his navy blue hair always looked ready to swallow anyone who touched it. He was tall, his height being 6,3. He was one inch taller than his father, the High Warlock of Brooklyn Magnus Bane, but he always added on the height of his huge horns to help the fact that he was a tall man. His skin was a beautiful shade of dark blue, like a stormy ocean.

His eyes were what people loved the most about the odd young man. They were the darkest shade of blue you'd ever seen, unlike his father Alexander Lightwood-Bane. His eyes were the lightest shade of blue you'd ever seen. Max's were dark and haunting like you could stare into them forever and still not feel like it was long enough.

Max's only fault was his deep love for his older brother Raphael. Now, he knew what you'd think, but no, they're adopted, so this wasn't that big of a deal. Now Raphael was much like their father Alexander. He had dark black hair and he was the same height, six feet. He had the prettiest shade of brown you'd ever seen for eyes, almost like a hazel colour. His skin had a caramel smoothness to it that practically begged for you to run your hands over the chest and stomach of the older boy.

Even though Max was adopted first, he was the youngest. Most people thought that was odd but it's his family and those people didn't have to live his life, he did, so he didn't pay them much mind.

Raphael was eldest and he loved to flaunt it but Max didn't mind, it was amusing to him. He loved his older brother so he allowed it.

An angry sigh huffed out of Raf's mouth as he flopped like a dying fish into the chair that was closest to where the young warlock was working. Max raised a single navy blue eyebrow at his brother.

"Can I help you?" he said, trying not to let the amusement he felt enter his voice. Seeing Raf, his always calm and collected older brother, act like a drama king was so funny. Raf rolled his eyes and threw a middle finger and a glare his way, making it known to Max that he hadn't done such a great job of hiding the fact that he found this humorous. Raphael nodded anyways, shrugging before he spoke.

"I hate working in the New York institute, when are we going home?" He asked simply. Max shrugged. He honestly didn't know. Besides, he couldn't blame his brother. He missed working from home as well, instead of getting weird looks from the other young shadowhunters his age. Not that he was a shadowhunter, oh no. He'd much rather be the proud warlock man he was but it was still tiresome to be somewhere filled with stuffy shadowhunters that honestly needed to pay him to remove the stick that was shoved so far up there asses that you could see it in the emptiness behind their cold cow-like eyes.

Max knew he was being unfair but they were unfair to people too. He'd say stick it to the man but it looked like someone already had.

Maximus looked over at his older brother and grinned. He'd always wondered what it felt like to be touched intimately by someone else. Why not Raf? He was bored...he was most certainly bored. So...why not? Max turned and walked towards Raphael, a smirk painted on his lips. He sat in his lap, kissing him hard. Raphael looked at him in shock. What the hell was happening?! He pushed his younger brother off.

"Max, what the hell?!" he said, wiping his lips. Max shrugged.

"You said you were bored, so do me." Raf just stared at him, glaring.

"Like hell I will." He made to get up but Max's magic held him down.

"Don't play stupid. I see how you look at me when I just finish showering and you know what? I do the same to you," he said, smirking at the noticeable tent in his boxers, "come on, say your piece before I screw you." Raphael couldn't make words slip past his mouth. He just looked like a very handsome fish out of water. Max honestly couldn't care less. He just magicked his and Raf's clothes away before taking in his prize. He loved how the runes blended into his brown tanned skin. He grinned.

"You are quite , beautiful. No wonder all the girls fall for you. But alas, they can no longer because you're mine now and no one else's." He grinned and Raf raised a eyebrow.

"Oh, so you can't flirt with Octavian anymore?" he knew he hit a nerve. The young navy blue warlock adored the other boy more than life itself. Octavian felt the same. Well, if changing your hair colour to match one's skin doesn't count as love then I don't know what would. After Max had started "courting" Tavvy, the younger boy went out and died his hair a blue colour to match Max's because he thought it would be pretty. The Lightwood-Bane boys had asked why he did so but Raf knew it was because he loved Max and wanted something similar to him to keep him company when they'd leave to return home.

Honestly, Max had been beyond thrilled. To the point where he'd go around and show everyone the picture of his hairdo. He did it so proudly and with love clear in his eyes. Raphael mused happily. No,

he knew his younger brother wouldn't give that up. So he wasn't too worried. Max glared at him.

"What about him?" Raf grinned at the clueless boy in front of him.

"By the angel, Max, let me up. We both know I'm not your type." Max sighed, magicking their clothes back on and plopping down next to his brother.

"Besides, I think Mako is into me and you know how I love me some hot werewolf," he said playfully to his brother. Max rolled his eyes.

"Whatever you say." Raphael turned to look at him.

"No, but seriously. Max, you know I'm yours. Body and soul, right?" Max nodded.

"And I to you, Raphael, my brother." He hugged him tightly. He loved him beyond believe buuuuut maybe not like he loved Octavian Blackthorn. But you never know....

But...that's a story for another time.

By the angel. D Oml I couldn't help myself. I ship Octavian and Max so badly idk but trust me you'll love Mako! He's super hot and totally your type but I do have a word limit that I give myself so I don't go super fucking crazy. It's around 1,300 words and sometimes I'll go over but it's rare. I loved how this turned out and I hope you did too!!!!!!!!!!

special thanks to my beta, an amazing woman!

Lucifer_Larry

thank you! if I didn't have you I wouldn't have a story or I would but no one could read it and it would be crap:/ so thank you my dear! Make sure to go follow her, she's amazing! And an even better writer than I'll ever be! So please go give her a look, thanks so much!

Don't forget to go checkout Broken Rose this Saturday! I enjoyed writing it, thank you so much!

6. BillWise:What Our Love Made

Fandom: IT

Ship: Bill Denbrough/Pennywise

Tags: M-Preg , character death , blood , Gore , talk of child murder

Rating: (PG-14/15)

Theme song: Nightcore I'm in love with a killer

The sewers were damp and they made everything stick to your body, like a cast was weighing you down. Down to the point that you had to struggle to take a single step. That's probably how he got you. Gobbled you down like a mouse to a cat and that's exactly what he did. He played with you until you were too tired to move. Until you couldn't breathe and it hurt to inhale. Until you were sore from the amount of running you did and yet you still continued to run. That's where we start this story....

Bill Denbrough had done it again. He was trapped deep down in the sewers. All he had wanted to do was look down at the deepest parts of darry. He didn't know of the danger, didn't fully understand. He turned and twisted, running this way and that to find some way out but he couldn't seem to find a single one. The more he fought, the more he panicked, and the harder it was to see. He could hear IT right behind him, breathing down his neck, and he thought he saw a light. His heart felt about ready to burst out of his chest yet he kept running towards the light..

He fell when his body collided with a metal grate, blocking the way. He tried pushing it, then pulling, but it wasn't going anywhere. It was stuck and he felt like sinking to the ground and crying; he'd lost again.

He turned around and put his back against the grate, his hands on either side of the circular door. He looked out into the darkness,

waiting for him to come. He breathed in and then out, his eyes searching the darkness for signs of the evil man heading his way. He thought back to when he was a child of only thirteen. How Pennywise had scared him when he'd tried to get Georgie's boat back. How he had sent the little boy in his yellow rain coat back home. How he'd looked into his eyes to see a pretty blue colour, much like his own. He had smiled at him back then, not knowing that he was a child killer. Not knowing the danger...yet feeling safe. Now, four years later, he didn't know why but he'd never hurt him.

He just gave him a kiss on his outstretched hand and gave him the boat back. With a wink, saying, "I'll see you soon, Billy. Don't forget that I'm always there if you need me." Bill had blushed a dark crimson colour that almost matched his red hair. He'd gotten up and sneezed, throwing a wave behind him and heading back home. That night when he went to tuck Georgie in and brush his teeth he went back to his room and saw a blood red rose and a note on his bedside table. It read:

Dearest Bill Denbrough,

I'm always here if you ever need me. If you ever need anything. I've never had someone look at me and not fear me. You did not fear me. You smiled and for that I'm always going to protect you. I swear this protection does go out to Georgie, if you so choose. Just write your answer on this paper and put it under your bed. Goodnight, my flower.

Yours truly,
Pennywise The Dancing Clown

That night Bill wrote back to the man, now known as Pennywise. His answer was short but sweet. He enjoyed talking to him and they did talk every night. Pennywise left a rose and a note asking how his day went and how he was, since shortly after going outside that day he got incredibly sick and couldn't go to school. All he did was sit and talk to Pennywise for he would come to him in his human form and sit on his bed. They'd talk for hours and hours about everything.

Without Bill knowing it, he fell deeper and deeper in love with him.

Bill always smiled at that thought, the memories. It seemed lately he had been different after he fell asleep. He started being mean and cruel towards the, now seventeen years old, boy.

His fiery red hair fell in his face, covering his bright blue eyes. He huffed and flipped his head to push it back up since he did NOT want to move his arms in fear that the evil clown would grab him and drag him screaming and kicking back to his lair to do whatever he pleased with him. It kind of scared him to be helpless. His body gave an unexpected reaction, his lower parts gave a twitch. It shocked Bill to feel that but honestly he couldn't think of things like that right now, he had to run. He couldn't see IT anywhere so maybe if he ran back the way he had come and he turned right instead of left it would work? He didn't know and honestly he was too scared to try. Pennywise had told him that he'd kill him if he was caught and well...

He didn't want to be caught.

He let go and ran.

He ran until he couldn't breathe. He ran until all he heard was his own breath. Until he couldn't see anything but red and black dancing just outside of his vision. He ran and then ran some more. He would not let-

He tripped and fell. Every time he tried getting up he was too weak. He looked at the entrance to the tunnel and sobbed. He was so close that he could throw a rock out of it and hit the clear blue water. He felt a hand wrap around his ankle and he laid his head down in the water, hoping to drown himself. He prayed that he wouldn't turn around and see his long-time crush and friend behind him, ready to kill and eat him. He prayed and then...

He blacked out.

When he came to his senses he shook his head to try clearing it. He moaned out, hurting from within like his brain was bursting and he

couldn't grasp his thoughts. Like his mind had left him to wonder the darkness that he was surrounded by. He felt empty like someone had scooped out his organs and left them for dead. It was more than likely because honestly we're talking about a man-eating clown here. Who knew what Pennywise would do to him? But...he didn't feel that scared. It was like his brain was foggy and he was in bliss. He didn't understand it himself but he did know that he never wanted to leave...

Everything was okay.

It was okay....

Just...fine.

He laid back down, the whispered words in his mind lulled him to sleep. They calmed him, tiring him out to the point that he couldn't even hope to open his eyes. He just laid there calmly, quite sleepy...

- Part Two -

~Flashback. Bill. Age: fourteen~

Bill loved being kept inside. He wasn't bullied. he wasn't picked on, he was safe and warm and Pennywise watched over him. Not that he didn't when he decided to brave the cruel world and venture out into it but he still loved his bedroom more. He knew that all he had to do was call Pennywise's name during the daylight hours and he'd rush to his side but he tried fighting his own battles instead of dragging the clown into it. He wanted to be independent, not calling him every time he got so much as a hang nail.

Even so, the bowers gang had tried cutting Henry into Ben's stomach Bill had had enough. That night he called on his beloved clown and asked him for a...favour. Bill's grin was sharp and borderline evil when he grinned at the dark, twisted clown. He loved the idea of Penny taking on such a form. It was so...ironic, to him. Don't you think? Parents told their children that clowns were their friends. That they wouldn't harm you but oh, Pennywise would. He'd eat them and

make them...float, because everyone floats with Penny... Everyone but..not Bill or Georgie and honestly none of his friends either. He'd asked Penny if he'd protect them too and he'd said yes. It Bill happy to know that his friends would be taken care of. He liked that idea. He really did.

He didn't like it when his friends called his clown a monster or said he was creepy. It upset Bill. It made him...mad. He'd always fussed at his friends, saying, "You'll hurt his feelings. He only protects us. He's never hurt any of you. Yet all you do is pick on him and make fun of him. You're no better than Henry." They're...no better than Henry.

They're no better than Henry..

No better..

Henry

His name had made him angry. How dare they drop to such a level? Such a disgusting level?! It angered Bill but they were his friends, right? They wouldn't hurt Pennywise...right?

WRONG!

It's okay. He fixed it. He took care of it. Everything would be okay.

It. Would. All. Be. Okay.

Those were the words his father had used as he raped and beat him. It was okay. He deserved it. It was all fine. It would all be...

Okay...

The first was Beverly because of course she was jealous of his connection to his beloved clown. She wanted Penny all to herself, the little WHORE! He thought angrily because how dare she. Pennywise was his and his alone..

She was the first to hurt Penny. He had only eaten one child. It wasn't his fault that he was hungry yet she hurt him. He felt it in his every

bone, how he was hurt. His pain echoed throughout his body and he felt his whine that night. He sobbed into his floor, not being able to move from the pain he felt in his head. Hearing his cries ringing over and over in his head; it broke him. Something snapped in him that night. Something grew in him that made him twisted and jagged and shattered.

She'd snuck into the well house and made it to look like she was there to be friendly. When Pennywise had let his guard down, she'd stabbed him in the eye, hurting his beloved clown. It made him feel pain so...he made her feel it too. He made her hurt and then, well...

He killed her.

I know what you're thinking. Bill wouldn't kill his own friends but oh, he most certainly did. He most certainly killed them. If they wanted to fuck with his clown then they fucked with the wrong person because once he snapped, oh... there was no going back. He'd hunt you down and tear you apart until all you felt was pain and suffering.

How he killed her? Oh, well he stabbed her about thirty two times. In the head. Until there was blood and gore splattered all over her bathroom walls and floor, even the roof had splatters on it. He grinned at his handy work and left, shutting the door for good manners.

The next was surprisingly Richie. Looking back on it bill now thought it might have been an accident instead of on purpose but he couldn't take it back now. No, Richie was buried six feet deep now. Dead and cold. Okay, so it all started when they were around fourteen. A year after he'd met Penny. Richie did try. Honestly, he did, but... he still hurt him and we couldn't have that, now could we?

He'd gone to the well house to give him a dessert or something. Honestly, bill doesn't even remember. Pennywise, thinking he would get attacked, tried hitting him so Richie hit back but with a gun. Oops, Bill thought, grinning. Of course Bill had come over freindly enough. He sat Rich down and grinned at him, then he pulled out his father's silver gun and shot him fourteen times. He whipped it down, setting it next to the body and left the next day. The town was buzzing with the death, the parents mourning over the loss of their

only child, but what could be done? Bill played the part of the grieving friend. He shed a few tears, said some words, and then he went home.

He honestly was saddened over Richie's death, even if it was only a tiny bit. He was in fact his first friend but that mattered little to him now. He only needed Pennywise. He was fine. He was the only true, loyal, loving friend that he'd ever have...

The last was Mike.

Shocking, really. Bill thought he'd remain loyal yet he did not. That damned bolt gun, he should have destroyed it when he had a chance. Yet he didn't and that's what made him so mad. It was because he was partly to blame, even if Pennywise had held him while he cried and rocked him. He told him how sorry he was about his pain but all Pennywise did was tell him that it was okay over and over again. Until the sun touched the sky, brighting the world.

Mike told IT that he had Bill and he was going to kill him if he didn't come right now so he came. He did it to save him even though he wasn't there. He didn't know he wasn't there. He walked up to the dark skinned boy and glared down at him.

"Where is he?" He growled out. Mike grinned and shot him in the chest. Pennywise whimpered, crawling back into his sewers. The pain echoed throughout his body. Bill had ran to Pennywise's side as soon as he knew this time...

Penny didn't get back up.

Bill now thought it was the lack of food he had had in the last few months since he'd tried to stop and find another food source so that Bill's friends would be picked off one by one. He wanted Bill to feel regret later but what the clown didn't know was that Bill wouldn't feel any regret later. He never would because his love for the demonic clown was great and nothing would stand in his way of protecting him. NOTHING. Bill had growled when Pennywise asked him why he didn't just leave him there and return to his normal life that he had before.

It was far too late for him to turn back. He'd tasted freedom and he'd be damned if he went back. Oh, no. Losing a few friends was nothing, he thought, NOTHING compared to what he gained from having him. Having...IT. Bill thought back and he realized that maybe Pennywise didn't feel the same way as the seventeen year old did. Maybe he felt a friendly bond or maybe that of a parent not a, dare he say, ...lover? No, of course not. Look at Bill. There was nothing to find attractive at all. No, of course IT didn't think of him like that. He never would. That was okay, though. He'd stand by him as he burned the whole world down as long as his tiny little family made it out okay. He was fine. Just...fine.

Eddie, Stan, and Ben never did anything to him but he kept a close eye on them just in case they tried to later. He had to help his clown in any way that he could. To take care of him, to protect him, to... No, no, no! Bill whimpered. He couldn't think like that, no! He started crying into the mattress that he laid on. Shuffling in the darkness made him lift his head to come face to face with Pennywise, his evil grin reaching from ear to ear. It made him shiver with fear. He'd never feared him. Just the thought of what he'd now become had him bursting into tears, sobbing into the bed. No, he didn't want to die like this! Not by the hands of someone he loved so dearly, so strongly. To think of such things hurt something deep in his chest. Deep past all of the self hatred and sadness he battled with everyday but...not when he was with Penny. He somehow made everything so much better, so much brighter. Like he was a lamp and he'd flipped the lights on in Bill's otherwise dark and sad life. He filled him with love and joy instead of loneliness and pity. Instead of heartache. No, every part of him filled with warmth when all was cold.

Love filled his very core.

Because of that, love for someone so evil, he would die and that shattered something inside of him. So why not...?No....but....

I'm dying anyways, so why not? Fine, he thought, wiping his eyes from the tears that blinded him.

He looked up into the blue eyes he'd fallen in love with so long ago

and lunged at him, kissing him deeply and hoping for the best...

Bill's eyes widened...he kissed back. Bill's heart swelled but it also broke. What if he was just playing with him until he decided to kill him? This was a...game? A game to him. Bill pushed him back, scooting against the wall of the circular trailer. He pulled his knees up against his chest, sobbing harder. He didn't want all this to be a game to someone. He wanted to be loved, cherished, and cared for. Not...

A pained whimper jerked him back to looking at IT. He had such a pained look on his face, like he knew just what the younger boy thought. 'I do, in fact, little flower.' The shock on Bill's face would be funny to anyone else but this was not the time for such thoughts.

"You can understand what I'm thinking?!" he asked uncertainly. IT only gave him a single nod. Bill blushed deeply.

"So...you've known?" Pennywise gave him a grin and a nod. Bill glared at him.

"Then why didn't you say anything, you damned clown?!" The boy said, giving an inhuman screech. He lunged at him but all Penny did was sidestep it, grabbing him around his thin waist and pulling him closer.

"Aw, come on Billy boy. You can't stay mad at me," he laughed, throwing him down on the bed. He jumped on top of him.

"Penny, off." He giggled, looking up at him. His eyes for once were bursting with happiness. His eyelashes fluttered, looking up at him through them. Penny grinned wolfishly down at him.

"Well now, little flower. I have an idea of what I want to do with you," he growled. Bill grinned.

"And what would that be?" He giggled. Pennywise flipped them so that he lied on top of him.

"Now, Bill, you don't have to be a mindreader to know what I want."

Bill nodded, "I don't."

Four Months Later

Bill looked around the well house, how it had changed. Penny was honestly serious about fixing it up. The rooms didn't have that run-down look. It was beautiful. The walls were built up again and there were no holes to be found or dead children. He turned to look at HIS clown and grinned. His family; Georgie, Penny, and their son Richie. After, you know, Bill's mistake, it hurt him to know that it was a big mistake. To know that it could have been avoided and he'd still have his friend. That Eddie would have his boyfriend back. He guessed it showed on his face how upset he really was because Penny walked up to him.

"What's wrong, my love? Tell me and I'll make it better." Bill sighed.

"Not even you can bring back the dead." He looked at the floor, tears springing to his eyes. To that, Pennywise laughed.

"You doubt me, flower. I can do anything." Bill's eyes widened. He blinked at him.

"You...You can bring Richie back?" To that, Penny glared.

"Why would you want him back?" Bill sighed yet again.

"Because I took Eddie's love and it's not fair. It honestly wasn't his fault, you told me so. Please, I'd do anything. Penny, please." He begged him. Pennywise nodded.

"I'll do this for you because it wasn't the boy's fault but only because it wasn't his fault." Bill nodded, hugging him tightly.

"Thank you," he whispered.

Now kids, that's how Bill met Pennywise, fell in love with him, and how Richie came back. This is the end of our story!

Wait, what was that? You want to know why Pennywise was so cruel

to Bill? Well, he simply thought that Bill wasn't his anymore. He thought he was falling for Richie since every time he was around him all he thought of was the boy with the huge glasses but no. Eddie talked about Richie to Bill anytime he could since he had such a huge crush but that's it. It was just jealousy and no, of course Pennywise wouldn't actually hurt his flower. Never. He'd die first, that he swore....

Oh..my...god.

That took way too long to finish but here it is over four thousand words. I'm so proud and like I said it will be a full length novel. You just have to wait and see when but until then here's the summary for it.

The sewers of darry Maine had always been a place that children feared, that they ran from. For all who entered never came out again at all.

All except Bill Denbrough. He entered and exited the sewers of darry whenever he pleased, always coming out with a smile on his face. Always happier than he was when he entered. What was it that he saw down there that was the reason so many children went missing?

Is it the monster from darry that has made their tiny town so, so famous for having such a high child death count?

Or is it something darker?

I hope you enjoyed this story and don't forget to comment and vote. Also, if you have a one shot idea you'd like to see give me a form and I'll let you know!

Lucifer_Larry

I want to give out a huge shout out to my beta poor thing had to do over 4 thousand words worth of story I apologise lol:)

7. Spideypool: "I Felt You Die Baby Boy, I Felt It and It hurt"

Fandom: Marvel (Spiderman/Deadpool)

Ship: Spideypool

Tags: spoilers, angst (super heavy)

Rating: R (for language only, no smut)

Deadpool: Ryan Reynolds

Spiderman: Andrew Garfield

Theme Song: NightCore Ashes (Celine Dion)

"I don't want to go."

It rang through his head like a chant that wouldn't stop till his blood rushed out of his ears and bled like his heart did. He was the son he always wanted and as soon as he realized that, he was ripped away from him like a taunt. Watching him turn to dust in his arms broke him into tiny pieces and he honestly didn't know how to deal with it. Sure, he loved his parents, but...this felt different. It made him feel empty, unlike what losing anyone else ever had. It....broke him.

Peter, in his dying breath, grabbed onto him and begged him not to let him go. He didn't want to go. He wanted to live and that was all good and fair since he was only a seventeen year old. Of course he didn't want to die. That made perfect sense but Tony couldn't save him. He only destroyed whatever he touched, hence him dying and turning to sand in his arms. He gripped him tightly, not wanting to let go, because he thought his father could save him. He'd be damned if he didn't because Tony would save his boy if it was the last thing he did. That's what fathers do. They protect their children with everything that's in them. They give their dying breath to save them and that's what he'd do now. He just needed to break the news to

Wade...

Peter had started dating that disgrace of a hero a little after Tony had asked him to side with him against Steve. It took Tony by surprise to know that the famous hero was only twenty three. He'd have thought thirty and he looked an awful lot like Ryan Reynolds but I guess that was just him since no one else had said anything about it. It didn't honestly matter in that moment that his son had just died. I guess that was the insanity settling in. To get someone important and not realize what you had till it was gone. I guess that saying really was true but it still hurt. He should have been more loving towards him. He was always coming off as cold towards Peter but now he couldn't fix it and make him feel loved. He could never say "I'm proud of my son" because he no longer had one. He wasn't around. He was dead and Tony just had to defy all that he knew and bring him back from the dead.

Impossible? No, nothing is impossible for a father grieving over his son's death. The thought still brought tears to his eyes. The idea of having to bury him with no body. It was so hard and poor May, she had no one left now that Peter winked out of time. It hurt Tony more than he could know. He didn't have a way to save him. He was useless. He messed up everything. He...was in front of May's house. He struggled up the stairs to her apartment. He didn't want to tell her that her only living family member wasn't coming back.

When May found out that Peter was Spiderman she freaked out slightly. It was weird finding out that your almost eighteen year old nephew was a superhero and risked his life as an after school hobby. It made her stressed since she thought, all this time, that he didn't do anything except play around with his garbage to make...well, more garbage. After May found out she had forbidden Peter to be Spiderman anymore. It was totally fair; she was scared and she didn't know how to handle it. That's where Tony came in. He told May that Peter could train and get better at what they did because she couldn't stop him. He was almost an adult so she couldn't do much.

She agreed to let him train at the Avengers facility and it's all Tony's fault because he had offered up the idea. To be fair, he hadn't known everything would go to shit with the stones and all. Yet again, he was unprepared and it had cost him his son's life. Yes, he was his now,

and would always be...always.

Tony finally made it to her floor and stood in front of the door. He was Ironman. He had defeated so many bad guys and what took him down was telling a woman that her only living family member wasn't coming home. Yeah, he'd proudly admit to that. That meant that he had feelings and that things like this hurt him. It meant that he wasn't cold or heartless, he wasn't a horrible person like so many people believed him to be. He at least had a tiny percentage of good buried somewhere deep, deep down below all of the self doubt and hatred he had for himself. There was some good, if only a tiny bit. It was there and that's all that mattered.

Yet it still won't ever matter because he still had to tell May and he still had to feel her pain because, in all honesty, it was his pain as well... It was the pain of losing someone. It would always hurt you no matter how strong you thought you were. It will destroy everything inside of you until you're left with nothing inside but an empty, hollow feeling, breaking you inside. He knew it hurt. He knew that knocking on her door had to have been the hardest thing that Tony had ever done in his forty years of life but did it. He looked her in the eyes and he did. He watched as she blamed herself and then turned it on him, blaming him and telling him that it was his fault. He should be ashamed for killing Peter. "You're a horrible person!" she had screamed. "Get out!" she had said, pushing him towards the door. "Go! Just get the fuck out!" she'd screamed. Tony knew it was his fault that Peter died.

He knew it... It would always be his fault that his kid died and there's nothing he could do about it. Nothing but continue to tell his loved ones that he wasn't coming home.

Because of him....

Talking to Wade had to have been the hardest thing Tony had ever done. He didn't like the guy, that was common knowledge, but there was something about having to see him sink to the ground that really

shook him. He was holding himself, rocking back and forth, saying "No, no, not my baby boy. No, not him. Anyone but him. Anything but him." It broke something in Tony to see such a strong man be destroyed by something like that. Looking like he had nothing left in his life to live for. Like...his heart had been taken out of his chest and shattered so he could lie in the ashes and shards of his life, or what had become of it.

Tony tried all he could to do something for him so that he wouldn't hurt so badly but all he said was "Leave. I'll be fine," in between sobs. Tony didn't think it was such a good idea. Well, not one of his best. Yet, he still left. He walked down the hall of the apartment complex. He struggled to make a step but onward he went, stopping when a gunshot rang out. His head bowed, tears pooling in his eyes. He knew just how he felt because if he could do what he could, just wake back up, he'd have done it a long time ago. Over and over again. Except, he was too much of a coward to take that final step and accept death. He couldn't.

But oh, did he want to...

Years passed and days came and went. The world was colder. So many people were lost. So many were gone, but still people tried to live their lives. Even if it was hard. Even if it was almost impossible. Still, we tried. Tony tried. Wade tried. Even May. But each turned down a dark path, each taking Peter's death differently. Some worse than others, some a bit better, but not by much. Life was still hard but at least they could say he gave his life up for something. Even if it broke them a tiny bit more everyday.

Tony threw himself into work, not stopping, not quitting. He found new ways to help their world, new people to help their world, but that's all he did. It was like his life was lost when Peter died. Like he had nothing left to live for. But he still tried more and more everyday.

Piper was always worried about him, trying to get him to sleep and eat something, anything, but all he could see when he closed his eyes was Peter's face. Him being terrified. "No, Piper!" he had growled at

her the last time. No, he couldn't fucking sleep because his damn son was dead and he wasn't sleeping until no one else's kid died because no one deserves that. No one.

Wade was much, much worse. Anyone who even looked at him wrong got shot. Anything he looked at reminded him of his time with Spiderman. Their love for each other, how he always promised to keep him safe, how Peter would grin, saying that he could take care of himself. That he would be fine. Those were the words he had told Wade when he left to go with Tony. To go to space to fight cable. He should have killed him when he had the chance to make him suffer. If only he had known that his baby would be hurt. It hurt him to think of it but it happened and there was nothing he could do to change it. No matter how hard he screamed, begging the writer to bring him back, pleading with them. Just...one second, he'd say, just one more chance to hold him in his arms. Tell him that he loved him. That nothing Peter could ever do would change that.

He remembered the day that Peter had to go to space and how he had to go to Wakanda to help fight the Halo lookalikes. He remembered it in fine detail, right up until the point where he put the bullet in his head. He woke up to find that Peter still would never walk through those doors again, tired after working at Stark Inc. He broke a little more each and every day. He was feeling his heart crush until he honestly felt the need to reach into his chest and feel around to make sure he still had one and it didn't crumble to dust like Peter's had up in space, without Wade. Yes, he just had to keep reminding other people, and himself, so you felt how painful this was for him. When you leave this story, whenever it's done, you'll be reminded that this was Wade's life. He'd be all alone forever. There was no happily ever fucking after where he married Peter and raised children with the Spiderman. No, there was none of that. There wouldn't ever be. Not ever again...

Still, Wade tried to live one more day. Just one. He tried to keep breathing like his baby boy would have wanted. He would have told him to close his eyes and just pretend that he was there to hug him tight. He would have told him to just breathe and so that's what he did. He pretended that everything was fine and when he couldn't he just used his gun. That helped him for an hour or two, tops, but that

was it.

Even when he tried doing what Peter would have wanted, what he would have been proud of, it still didn't help. It still didn't stop the pain that echoed in his chest so he went back to killing and every time a body hit the floor, every time he took a job and ended someone's life, he felt himself let Peter down more and more but honestly, what could be done?

Peter wasn't here....

Wow um I've never really left a story so sad and unhappy before so haha I don't know but I'm huge on angst. Those of you who have read my story His Broken Heart know this already!

I'd like to thank my amazing and awesome beta for the amazing job they did editing it.

Lucifer_Larry

They're super sweet and everyone should follow them. Trust me you won't regret it. Plus, they're an amazing writer!

8. Asilla: Can you look past my scars to see who I truly am?

Ship: Asella

Pairing: Drusilla Blackthorn/Ash Morgenstern

Tags: betrayal, romance, love, happy ending, sweet

fandom: TMI/TDA

Theme song: Nightcore I think I'm in love

The day Ash laid eyes on Drusilla Blackthorn, he knew he had found someone to love and be friends with. Most people thought he was crazy with the "love at first sight", as mundanes liked to call it, and he knew it was an odd feeling but he knew she was the one. She wasn't scared like most people were with him. Being the son of Jonathan Morgenstern and the Queen of Seelie didn't help him in that department. All the people he met either wanted to kill him or feared him. Even his own family. His aunt hated him and she had tried quite a few times to throw him in jail or....even worse, give him over to the clave. And....that hurt, to know someone hated him so much that they'd let him be tortured by people who hated Downworlders and their half-breeds.

It burned a part in him that he didn't know if he could ever heal. He wanted with all his heart to fix the mistakes of his parents. To step out of their shadows and be his own person. To make his own destiny. To be allowed the right that everyone else was allowed but he wasn't. He had a mission from birth to fix what his family had done and he promised that he would. But doing it and saying it was so different that it was hard to actually do what he wanted. To clear the Morgenstern name for his children and their children and destroy the cycle that he was trapped in. Break the curse over the Morgenstern name. Yet, it was so much harder than one believed. Since everyone he met hated him with such a vile passion, of course, it would be hard. Just the mention of his family's name brought fear

so deep it would take years to fix. But he would fix it, even if he had to die to fight for that name. He wouldn't back out and change his mind like so many of his family members. To be ashamed of his birthright would be like when he finally got his fey marks. It would be like cutting them out like a disease. He wouldn't. He would bare them proudly even if the cold peace still raged on. Once in a while, he would meet a person who was not scared but open and willing to accept change like he had when he met the Blackthorns. He would fight and he would keep going to make his family proud. To make the Blackthorns proud as they were so very kind to him. He pushed on to make them proud, to fix his father's name, to be something more. Something worthy of the title he was born into. Something....different.

He hated it, being born a half breed. Never being able to fit in with either of his kind. The fey feared him for being the son of the queen and the Shadowhunters hated him for being the son of their worst enemy. The vilest man they'd ever met. He wasn't even eighteen when he died. No, Ash didn't want that life. He just wanted his father back. He wanted his parents to be normal and have a regular life. That's not something he'd get, being born how he was. He was just not meant for this world. He was too powerful; too mixed; too different. It hurt him to not be able to fit in with either of his species. To be on the outside, looking in. For a fey Shadowhunter, there was only a few ever born. Hellen and Mark being the only other two alive and they came nowhere near close to his power. Yet, if he could he would love to trade places with either of them. But he could not because this was his birthright and he, alone, would fight it. Sometimes it was hard to have his family look at him with such hatred and fear and disgust. because He was simply born, he didn't ask for it. Honestly, he didn't even want it. He just wanted to be him. He just wanted to live quietly and simply, without the fuss of being who he was. Yet what he wanted and what we got were so different it was almost crazy. But there was never any use to fussing about it. He just had to get it done and over with.

When he had finally convinced his mother to let him come into the real world and leave fey, he first went to the New York Institute. He went to meet his aunts and uncles and hopefully his grandparents. Well, his step-grandfather and his grandmother as well. All he was

met with was anger, fear, hatred, and surprise. Not at all what he wanted. Not what he deserved. Well, he guessed that's what he deserved after all. It was his fault, right? He had come too soon. He had not yet proven himself worthy of his name. All his aunt Clary did was try to throw him in jail. He didn't understand why he loved her. He just wanted to be a part of her family. He didn't want her to hate him. He just wanted her love but all she did was throw him out, saying "if you ever come back I'll call the cohort on you and then you'll be sorry..." which was cruel; mean. She knew that the cohort wanted only one thing and that was to kill all the downworlders. To destroy them, put them in camps, treat them like animals. What would they do to a half-breed, the son of Jonathan Morgenstern? The son of the Seelie queen and the only living heir to the throne. The only King of Fey. No, it wouldn't be good. Of course not, but that's what his aunt promised. She hated him that much, but why?

He understood he was Jonathan's only child but...she was given another chance, so why wasn't he? Was it because he looked too much like the Morgensterns from the past? Or was it because not a single Morgenstern man for three generations had been good? That wasn't his fault, he wished it had been different but it couldn't have been. The past isn't supposed to change, it's supposed to be looked back on. To show what we've come from and accomplished. To test our ways and come back stronger with every glance we take of our parents' mistakes. Hopefully, our world would be a better place but hardly, since it has been proven time and time again that we will follow our parents and make the same mistakes over and over again. Ash didn't want the throne, honestly. He had predecessors everything he wanted. He was born with a crown, a throne, and no one to stop him from having it. Yet.....he didn't want it. He never did and never will.

It still hurt knowing people hated him that much for his parents' misdeeds but that was okay. When he proved he was worthy to his family and fixed the mistakes of his parents and grandparents before him they would accept him back, right? Maybe. He hoped so but not everything worked out that way.

The next place he went to was the Los Angeles Institute to find that girl he saw in fey when he had been trapped by his uncle in the

Unseelie realm. She was so nice that his heart did an odd thing that he had heard humans refer to as "butterflies". He was pretty sure that he'd never eaten any but then again, most things humans say are confusing to him. I guess that's only natural, him being of a different world and all. Being raised different, seelies and humans were nothing alike. Feys weren't able to lie. It stuck to their tongues like lead and weighed them down until a single word could not exit their mouths. They were stuck, not moving, so they changed. They adapted to fit into a world filled with lies. No, they aren't able to lie but they can bend the truth so that you'll never be able to know what they really mean from what they choose to say.

When going to the LA Institute he wasn't that scared. He was excited to meet the girl of his dreams, quite literally. The amazing girl that made everyone else fall so short of her beauty. When he walked up to the door he wanted to knock. It was to make a good impression since just walking into someone's home, no matter if it was open to any Shadowhunters or not, was quite rude in his book. He knocked and waited. He heard a voice on the other side grumble something about coming to the door and he looked at it, worried. Was he annoying the person behind it? That was no good at all. It simply wouldn't do.

All of a sudden the door was yanked open to show Julian Blackthorn, mid-hello when he looked shocked and tilted his head.

"Who the hell are you?" He asked, confused. Ash blinked, opening and closing his mouth a bit. He shook his head. No, no, this wouldn't do. He was a king, or soon to be anyway, he needed to act like one. So he drew himself up and spoke with a calm, even voice.

"My name's Ashen Morgenstern. I'm-" the door was shut in his face. He huffed. So much for good impressions, he thought bitterly, knocking again. Only for the door to be opened by someone else. Someone much, much more welcoming...

The girl. The really pretty girl from a fairy that he was looking for. His heart stopped. He felt like everything was in slow motion.

"Hi," he blushed, smiling at her. She looked at him kind of odd.

"Who are you?" She said. Ash smiled brightly.

"I'm Ashen Morgenstern-" yet again the door was shutting. He panicked and a rush of words fled his mouth in a race against the closing door.

"Wait, wait, no, please." She stopped and looked at him.

"What? Go away. Go start a war, fairy boy." Ash huffed.

"Not all Morgenstern's want that, princess. I just want peace, to enjoy life. Shocking, I know." He said, rolling his eyes. Drusilla looked at him.

"Mmm, maybe. I'm Drusilla blackthorn," she said, reaching out to shake his hand. He turned it and kissed the top of her hand, smirking at her. Ash was many things, but a flirt? Maybe. Dare he says, fey? Oh yes, that he most certainly was.

She rolled her eyes, yanking her hand back and walking through the door, leaving it open for him to follow. He grinned, following through the door. He closed it and walked behind her. She walked through the Institute that honestly looked more like a house than anything else. They got to her room and she walked in. Like before, she left the door open, allowing him inside. He shut it and stood there, smiling at her. She sat on the bed and looked at him.

"Now, who are you really?" She asked. His smile fell. She didn't believe him. Didn't that silly girl know that fairies couldn't lie? But then again, he was a half breed so he probably could. Yet just the thought of lying set an odd feeling in his stomach. No, he hopefully would never have to lie and honestly, he refused to.

He pulled out his father's ring from a chain around his neck and showed her his green shirt slightly tore and old making it easy for him to pull it out and off handing it to her he didn't dare sit on her bed since he was beyond dirty so he stood right above her watching closely this was the only thing he had left of his father and he wouldn't let anyone break it she nodded handing it back to him she looked him up and down "ok so your a prince only living heir to the throne and your also a Morgenstern I actually can see that I mean your hair is just like Sebastian's and- he cut her off with a smile"Jonathan" he corrected she looked at him weird "what?" She

asked ash nodded "his name was Jonathan" he said tilting his head she rolls her eyes "ok you have Jonathans hair and clarys eyes" he smiled at her "I am aware but I also have my father's eyes since mother said when he died they were a beautiful green color just like mine" Dru nodded he looked sad and for some reason that made her sad and she didn't understand it so she just ignored it "ok fairy boy your dirty and you have crappy clothes it's time to fix it so off you go to take a bath and I'll find you some clothes" Dru pushed him into the bathroom ash looked at it confused what was this room for? What were these buttons it was so shiny and odd metal was everywhere honestly metal was all through the house the smell making him queasy and light headed? on the little shelf with the two way glass were a bunch of pink and black things and they all looked different so like the curiously little fairy he was He started playing with things and looked up at the glass that showed himself he'll have to ask Drusilla what it was called he needed to cut his hair he looked around for something he didn't see a knife or anything so he just drug his fingers through it and turned to the little boat looking thing he was so lost he peaked out and Dru was nowhere to be seen he sighed to himself and tried a red button on the boat and the water came out he grinned he felt it and he liked the heat so he stripped and took a bath.

When he was done he didn't know what to do but he didn't think putting his clothes back on would do being clean much good so when Dru came back in yelling about finding him clothes because he was so tall he rubbed his neck grinning she opened the door and rolled her eyes when he went to cover himself "I have three older brothers a younger brother I helped raise and kit lives here you have nothing I haven't seen before" she threw the clothes at him and shut the door he blushed a deep crimson and looked at the clothes they were all black and leather he grimaced he hoped that wasn't really being from fey he had never eaten meat and the very idea made him sick to eat your animal friends was sad he put the shirt on and he couldn't figure out if it was supposed to only cover his top half part or....if it was too tiny but he put it on regardless and looked in the two way glass it only cover his chest part not his shoulders or neck and definitely not his stomach in all honesty he had a feeling it was for a female since it only covered the breast part he rolled his eyes at least it was clothing he put the black underwear on and then the pants they were very

tight and was full of rips and chains he didn't know if they were supposed to be like that or they were used but put them on he did he looked in the two way glass and turned to see everything. not forgetting his family ring he slipped it on over his head along with his mothers favorite gem it was a tiny little trinket a bright green and white gem he had never seen before mother said it wasn't of this world just like ash and it was a gift from his father because it was just as beautiful and otherworldly as he.

His stomach was open and he could see almost everything his V line shown completely it felt oddly exposed and he didn't know how to feel about that. he messed with his hair and grinned ok this would do he walked out and smiled at Drusilla she looked at him and blushed "you look decent" she said looking down quick ash pouted so he walked over to her "may I sit with you?" He asked she nodded he bent down to his clothes and grabbed a leather tie and tied his hair back out of his face he sighed looking at her "so, Drusilla, you are the girl I saw in fairy " he asked hoping he was right Dru looked up at him and bit her lip than nodded "but no one knows ok like ever they can never know" she said sitting up ash nods "I'd never tell them anything you wouldn't want me to" he said smiling at her she blushed "yeah yeah well you need food and last time I checked fairy's don't eat meat right?" She pushed her hair behind her ear "you are correct princess" he said nodding a look of disgust on his face Dru looked at him oddly "why do you keep calling me that?" She asked looking up into his eyes ash was startled they were so beautiful like an ocean with stars from the heavens reflecting down onto it took his breath away he brushed her ebony hair out of her face gently "why call a rose by any other name?" He asked quietly his mouth just next to hers she blushed leaning closer everything slow different quite perfect beautiful.

They jumped apart startled at a knock on the door Drusilla cleared her throat "yes who is it?" She asked her voice still Shakey from being so close to the other Julian walked in and looked at the two oddly "am I interrupting something " he asked confused Dru shook her head "no of course not why would you be interrupting anything? " She said smiling nervously even though they hadn't done anything it still made her a little jumpy like she had murder Zara and had her body stuffed under her bed not like she hadn't thought of it before but still

it freaked her out just a bit.

She looked at Julian "so what's up" Julian sighed "we need to talk about him" he said pointing at the boy on her bed ash looked between the two like a lost puppy "me?" He asked when they both just stared at him Julian rolled his eyes "yes you Dru ash in the library two minutes" he said with a Stern I'm dad if you don't listen you'll regret it look and was gone Dru sighed "ash are you sure you-" she was cut off by a pair of lips on hers she sighed cupping the back of his head him doing the same it felt amazing and she needed to stop right now oh no she had to make herself stop and by the angel she didn't think she could.

She pushed him away and wiped her mouth "why did you do that?" She asked eyes wide ash tilted his head "is that not what you wanted princess?" he asked confused she shook her head "I don't know what I want Ash" she stood up and paced around the room she sighed running her hands through her hair she was confused shed never liked a boy before well...before Jamie and he didn't count since he was honestly just using her she looked at him no oh no she isn't going to fall for him hes a Morgenstern on top of everything she sighed and just walked out the door no she couldn't do this now not now she rushed past all her siblings past the lovely eyes that kit and ty were giving each other past the morningful looks of emma and julian past everything past everyone past it all and she sat in the corner alone and thinking like she oh so needed badly to do but no matter what she kept looking at him the way he walked the way he held himself she guessed from being taught how to be a prince everything and it just called to her like nothing else ever had she tried hearing the words julian spoke but honestly all she heard was something about the cold peace and yes that was also a thing that would cause a problem between her and him and another thing about clary and Morgenstern bussniss then she heard his voice calming and nice making her want to drift asleep enjoying every word that was spoken making her drift off into a nice peaceful rest until her name was called so she looked up to see all eyes on her "yes?" she asked quietly julian shook his head muttering something about children with there heads in the clouds he looked at her and spoke again in the kind way he had about him always parenting "could you watch out for ash help him find his way and stuff?" he said crossing his arms she looked

around it seemed no one else would do it and ash was looking at her like she hung the sun and the moon and her eye were the stars and honestly she didn't know what to say so being nice she said

"sure why not I mean ive taken care him this far so we decided to keep him?" she said pulling off her best-annoyed teen attitude ash looked insulted "im not a pet Drusilla theres no keeping me" he said huffing and what looked almost like pouting and that honestly made her laugh she grinned and spoke across the room "sure what ever you say floof" her laugh made everyone look up they looked oddly at her and she relised..she hadn't laughed since livvia died almost a month ago it shocked her that so much time had pasted since her sister had been killed by annabell Lee I guess since then she didn't have a reason to laugh not that she really had one before but for some reason....he made her want to be happy but she couldn't really explain why I mean he had been here for less than an hour maybe two and he had already turned her world inside out she stood "ok well I think he might be hungry so im going to go do that" she gave a firm nod like she had made up her mind and wasn't going to change that she walked over to ash and the poor thing looked like he was trying to cover himself she grinned "also I think you need better clothes and not that you can hunt in those but you need something to sleep in" ash stood up and towered over everyone expseluly her shed have to ask him how tall he was later but right now she needed to feed the hungry fairy dru waved good bye to her family and left leaving everyone confused and slightly dazed in her wake

julian looked around at everyone "what the hell just happened" he asked and not a single person in there could do anything but stare after the very tall pale Morgenstern boy and the tiny little gothic girl that didn't even reach his chest in height Julian shook his head this wasn't going to end well.

dru stood in the kitchen looking through the frigue trying to find some food for ash whist he sat on there bar chairs looking quite uncomfortable he cleared his throat getting her attention "um princess couldn't I just have some of those?" he asked pointing above the frige at the bowl of fruit dru shrugged "I guess ive been looking for that for the last ten minites thank you for letting me know earlier" she glared at him she turned around to reach it and muttered

something about "short people problems" she huffed ash grinned and stood up not even having to try and just grabbed it pulling it down dru glared at him her back to his front her hand still reaching he leaned down so their faces were close "im sorry were you trying to get that I couldn't tell it looked almost like you were doing stretches against the fringe we both know there was no way your tiny what 5'3 body would manage to grab this" his grin was smug and made his eyes sparkle she sighed his eyes sure were beautiful but I guess that was the fey in him making everything beautiful and amazing she reached above his head and pulled it down to have a kiss "I still don't know what I want Morgenstern" she said after letting him go

he grimaced at the mention of his last name said with if dru was being honest more than a little bite to the words he sighed looking away his eyes losing some sparkle in the process she looked oddly at him "do you have fangs" she said turning around and putting her fingers in his mouth ash looked at her oddly almost in shock she opened his mouth and her own dropped open "you do! both sets top and bottom by the angel that's adorable" Dru said letting him go ash blushed closing his mouth "yes most fey do" he said looking away Dru grinned turning grabbing the bowl and headed to her room ash shook his head and followed she stood in the middle of her room and turned to look at him as he walked in she sat on her bed him doing the same after he was comfortable she handed him the bowl "so how tall are you" she smirked this had to be good she'd never met anyone taller than Magnus at 6'1 he looked up at her mid-bite of an apple and shrugged "6'6 I believe is human term for such" her eye widened as he continued to eat

scratch that before ash shed never met anyone taller than Magnus "by the angel what do they do to fly there" ash shrugged not looking up from his search for something within the contents of the bowl dru watched him carefully getting up and walking out the door to letting him eat in peace she wanted to find clothes for him but she didn't know if they had any for him she was thinking on what to do when she ran into mark "whats up mark?" she asked in her usual greeting mark looked puzzled "the roof? maybe the sky if you want to go so far" he said tilting his head in confusion Dru sighed forgetting mark had been gone for years before they had finally gotten him back a month or two earlier "never mind so I'm trying to find clothes for ash

do you know if we actually have clothes for guys over 6'1?" she asked Mark shook his head "no but I could go get some but I have to bring someone because the last time I went to town alone I didn't know how to get back and ended up using the magic box to speak with Julian so he could find me and as you know dear sister wasn't so good" dru nodded trying not to laugh remembering that day when mark had called frantic about not being able to find his way home and if this meant he was homeless now she just shook her head yes and said a quick goodbye and continued to look for maybe some scissors or something to cut that god awful hair with.

she found some in a junk draw around the house randomly looking through everything she shrugged and took them turning she came face to face with Kieran she screamed holding her chest "by the angel don't you fairy's have bells or something you almost gave me a heart attack" she glared at him Kieran rolled his eyes "no we don't why would we?" dru glared and looked around no one was in the halls and honestly Kieran freaked her out a bit "can I help you?" she said hold the scissors tight Kieran shook his head "no just wanted to know how our new fairy friend was doing is all ma'lady" dru rolled her eyes she was really growing tired of these fairy's and there princess and ma'lady and sneaky crap they pulled "ok well if you don't mind he needs a hair cut hes good going to stay in my room no get your head out of the gutter and good bye" she said in a rush and speed walked the whole way to her room where she slammed the door shut behind her and leaned against it ash looked at her oddly "are you ok?" he said worried she nodded shaking her head she stood next to him and untied his hair "just going to cut some of this ok?" she asked he only looked at her and nodded "as you wish" he looked for wards and she started to cut "so ash how long are you staying?" she said trying to cut as much as she could without making it look bad ash made a humming sound and looked like he was thinking for a bit "I don't know I wish to change how others feel about my family because it wasn't my fathers fault he was the way he was it was my grandfathers he mixed our blood changed it and remade him" dru thought on his words as she cut some more "I see maybe but its going to be hard not many can see past what there own two eyes see if you get were im coming from" she shrugged almost finished ash shook his head "I think so but I want things to be different I want them to be better" she nodded finishing and brushing him off he looked good

and it made her blush she sat across from him as he played with his new hair he looked at her and scooted closer so there so no space between them "Drusilla blackthorn I have a question for you" she nodded honestly scared he was going to like pull a Jonathan and ask her to be his queen well at least it wasn't clary again poor girl "yes?" she asked quietly ash looked at her his eyes full of fear "can you look past my scars to see what I truly am?" he asked letting out a breathe almost like if he moved shed be gone forever... she looked down she didn't know he was a Morgenstern but not only that a fey to she was scared but everyone deserved a chance she looked at him leaned forwards kissed him slowly sweetly they parted and she smiled at him "maybe just maybe I might"

wow 5,164 words I'm so very proud and the very first story that talks about ash being a Morgenstern I can't wait until queen of air and darkness comes out but thank you so much for waiting this long I oh so hope it was worth the very very very long wait anyway my very first gumlee should be next and that's exciting take a look at this sneak peek from the gumlee one shot

welcome to the town of candy its a tiny town that's no bigger than 150 people but they still loved there tiny town where everyone knew everyone and if there was abuse in a household they'd know and it would be dealt with at the highest most punishment the law had since the children were everything and they hated the very idea of child rape or abuse so when the case of barthowlem candy a descendant of the original founder of there little town was found to be being abused by his father the mayor the whole town went into a uproar how dare he stoop to such a level as to strick his son what could have caused such a kind man to turn so sour as they called it a bad apple turned rotten over years and mold set in covering his heart in the fuzz.

Also, I want to give a very amazing thank you to my favorite beta ever without her I wouldn't have these story's out! thank you so very very much. <3